

## A WOMAN'S TONGUE.



Little Boy—Papa, what part of speech is woman?  
Father—Woman, my son, is no part of speech; she's all of it.

**He Pardoned the Deception.**  
"Then you deceived me?"  
"Yes, Alfred."  
"And you married me knowing that you were rich?"  
"Yes, Alfred."  
She now concealed nothing, nothing of the terrible fiction whereby she had led him to believe her poor.  
"Can you forgive me, Alfred?"  
With pleading, contrite eyes, she watched in his face the evidences of the struggle that waged in his bosom.  
"Yes," he answered at last. "We will live it down."  
And they did.  
He even quit his job, and devoted himself exclusively to living it down.—Detroit Tribune.

**A Convert.**  
Mr. Hardley (great orator)—Take your hand from my pocket, you villain. This is robbery! Help! Police—  
Illinois Farmer—Git out, ye plutocrat! Hain't this yer native money?  
Mr. Hardley—Certainly; but I earned it lecturing—  
Illinois Farmer—"Arad nuthin'! Get out! Fork over! Dye think ye kin appropriate native money an' pack 'er round fer yer own use, w'en I need 'er? Fork, and skipt Logic's logic."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## THE WRONG KIND.



Fuller Dust—Is dis der Free Press?  
Editor—Yes, sir.  
Fuller Dust—Well, I'll jus' step in a minnit. I want coases pressed in dese pants while I wait.

**Modesty and the Phone.**  
They had a new girl. She was not the imported article, but was native enough to satisfy a member of the A. P. A. She came from somewhere in Indiana and had never seen a telephone. She was given a hasty lesson in its use, and was told to answer it when members of the family were absent. The second afternoon everybody was out but the Indiana product. She was in her room.  
An hour before dinner the female head of the family returned.  
"That thing in the closet was ringing for ten minutes this afternoon, ma'am," said the new girl.  
"Why did you not answer it, as I told you to do, Mary?" said the mistress.  
"I would have, ma'am," said Mary, "only I was half undressed, and I was afraid it might be a man."—Chicago Tribune.

**The Brute.**  
She—Don't you think that this is a little too young for me?  
He—No. You are too old for the hat.—Indianapolis Journal.

**Hard to Beat.**  
Boax—Bikem is a sort of Jack-of-all-trades; he can do anything.  
Joax—Yes, or anybody.—Philadelphia Record.

**He Had Traveled.**  
A Windham county man, who rounded out seventy-five years of life without ever going more than twenty miles from his birthplace was one day answering the questions of a distinguished Western visitor who had come on to the old town from far beyond the Mississippi valley to learn of the childhood of his father and mother, who were born in Windham County. The old settler gave the westerner just the details the latter was seeking.  
"And I suppose you have always lived around here," said the man from beyond the Mississippi.  
"Oh, no," replied the native, "I was born two miles from here."—Hartford Times.

**An Up-to-date Answer.**  
Sunday-school Teacher—And now, James, how came Job to say Amen in the tree?  
James, promptly—"Cos his football hair got ketchin' in de limbs when he was makin' a rush fer safety."—Judge.

**Valkyrie and Defender.**  
Dunraven, of the tribe of Quin, has built a boat to sail like sin.  
But where or how the winds may send her,  
She is no match for the Defender.  
—Brooklyn Standard Union.

## Page For Those Who Like to Laugh

## A CRUEL REVENGE.

**The Slighted Lover Gets Up in His Wrath and Warns the False One.**  
She was passing up Hastings street in the gloaming as he was coming down, and natural philosophy brought about a meeting.  
"Miss Johnson, kin I spoke to yo?" he queried, as he halted.  
"Yes, sir," she replied. "Yo' kin spoke right yere, if yo' dun want to say sumthin'."  
"I'd rather spoke to yo' in private."  
"Yo' can't do it. What yo' want to say?"  
"Miss Johnson," he said, after fidgeting about for a moment, "did yo' go to the party wid dat nigger Swiper las' night?"  
"Yes, sah."  
"An' did he buy ice cream and candy?"  
"Yes, sah."  
"An' took yo' to supper?"  
"Yes, sah."  
"An' danced ebbery dance wid yo'?"  
"Yes, sah."  
"An' did yo' promise?"  
"I did, an' what yo' gwine ter do 'bout it?"  
"What I gwine ter do 'bout it? What I gwine ter do? I'm gwine ter git revenge! I'm gwine ter make it so drefful bad fur yo' dat yo'll wish you'd neber been bo'n!"  
"An' gwine to do dat?"  
"Yes, sah." "I'll see yo' later!"—Detroit Free Press.

**TOLD IN RHYME.**  
It seems to be a fact, indeed,  
That give the mob an inch,  
'Twill never hesitate to take  
An I and make a lynch.  
—Detroit Tribune.

**I see her turn the corner;**  
I hear her munnish tread,  
I feel an awful presence  
That fills my heart with dread.  
Great Scott! she's drawing nearer;  
I'll vanish right up I can.  
If she's the coming woman,  
Then I'm the going man.  
—Judge.

He was a letter carrier,  
And had just begun to work,  
And still retained some of the ways  
He had when a dry-goods clerk.  
So, when he handed the letters out,  
He frequently would say:  
"I hope you'll like these very well;  
Is there anything else to-day?"  
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

When I proposed she did not blush  
And not a word was said,  
The maiden did not tell me yes—  
She simply shook her head.  
She simply shook her head, and yet  
No man in all the town  
Could be more pleased than I was, for  
She shook it up and down.  
—Life.

**A Cheerful Answer.**  
The Professor—We are led to believe that Cain executed his brother in physical prowess. Do you not understand it so?  
The Divinity Student—Not exactly, sir. It seems to me that the younger boy was decidedly more Abel-bodied.

**Easily Explained.**  
The Police Judge—You are charged with following a party of young men about the streets and annoying them by your attentions.  
The New Women—Well, you see, Judge, I have just returned from the outside and they were the first young men I had seen.  
The Judge—Discharged. Next case.

**A Chicago Plural.**  
Miss Lakeside, from Chicago—Yes, papa had quite a desperate encounter one night just after the big fire. He was set upon by two footpads—  
Jack—Footpads?  
Miss Lakeside—Why, yes; each of them was a footpad.—Cleveland Press.

**A Promising World.**  
"A promise is made but to break"  
Is a maxim the world loves to quote;  
And a line on which many men take  
Great pleasure in making a note.

**To Catch 'Em Both Ways.**  
Author—I've got a great scheme to make a fortune. I'm going to write a book on the financial question.  
His Friend—Well?  
Author—And then I'm going to write a reply refuting it.—Chicago Record.

**Be Not Curious.**  
And I say to mankind, Be not curious about God,  
For I, who am curious about each, am not curious about God.  
(No array of terms can say how much I am at peace about God and about death).  
—Walt Whitman.

**A Wasted Joke.**  
John Henry—It's the medical fad now to wear a Joltannel band for indigestion.  
Sam—I can't endure anything of that kind.  
John Henry—Why not?  
Sam—It goes against my stomach.

**Grand Opportunity.**  
Mrs. Snapshot (bursting into her husband's smugger's)—O, Henry, come quick! Mamma is having a fit.  
Mr. Snapshot (jumping up with alacrity)—I'll be there in a minute. Where in thunder is my camera?—Truth.

**Perry of Erie.**  
Now, hark ye, rolling o'er the waves,  
A shout is drawing near,  
As 'twere a charging host that gave  
A mighty battle cheer;  
Along the rippling white-caps, speeds  
The stirring song of noble deeds—  
As glory thrilled her joyous meeds  
For men who knew not fear.  
Let rolling wave and mountain peak  
Fame's gladsome story tell,  
Let Liberty her triumph speak  
Through whiffly clanging bell—  
Where floats the banner of the free,  
Where Freedom greets its parent tree,  
There, there, oh, loyal spirit,  
The fame of Perry swell!  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



Pickpocket—Watch me escape.



But the stretching suspenders soon—



brought him



to time.

**To a Weather Prophet.**  
Know that feller Kerkam, w'at runs th' weather chop,  
Out yander in th' custom house, erway up near th' top?  
Wall, yo' kin go an' tell 'im, th' dermost contrary cuss,  
We're reg'larly tired uv th' way he's burnin' up uv us.  
Ez long ez et wuz summer, we didn't keer er durn,  
For we knowed ez how th' wuz th' time th' weather led ter burn;  
But now et's in September, an' he ain't got call  
Ter keep us all entertainin' an' ersweetin' in th' fall.  
Jos' like th' cuss, consarn him, et allers wuz th' way,  
He's bin fulfillin' uv us sense fus' he cum ter stay;  
We ax him fer dry weather, an' th' clouds begin ter bust,  
An' w'en er rain wuz needed, he'd make et dry ez dust.  
Th' sun is jes' ezbrakin', an' th' air don't make er stir,  
An' I'd like ter know jes' w'at th' cuss is takin' peepal fer;  
Th' government hain't put him there to act in sicker way,  
An' if Uncle Sam ud do w'at's rite, he'd jes' shut off his pay.  
Et's gettin' on ter winter now, an' 'cordin' ter th' rool  
W'at's laid down in th' almanack, th' weather shud be cool;  
So th' weather shud had bes' take keer an' min' w'at he's erbout,  
Or sum day we'll jes' go up thare an' bounce th' critter out.  
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**For what use is the growler?**—Eureka Times.  
That's easy. To rush it along.

**There wouldn't have been any milk in a coconut if some dippyman had had the construction of it.**—Texas Siftings.

**All the world's a stage, but some have box seats while others have to hang on behind.**

**Teacher—Now, Dick, you may repeat the golden text.**  
Dick Hicks—I don't dast; my fadder is a silver man.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

**Bagley, in Brooklyn—You ride a great deal in the trolley cars, don't you Bagley?**  
Bagley—Yes, a good deal.  
Bagley—Do you have to, or is it only a fad?  
Bagley—Well, you see, Bagley, if you're inside a trolley car it can't run over you—  
Judge.

**"Six'll be down pretty soon," said Johnny to young Mr. Hankinson. "It always takes her a long time to put on her good clothes."**  
There was a brief silence. It was broken by Johnny:  
"Some people think candy ain't good for boys. It don't never hurt me. It sticks right to my lungs and makes me grow."—Chicago Tribune.

**"Yes," said the inventor, "I think I see millions in it, if I can only get the thing to work."**  
"No doubt," said the doubting friend. "What have you in mind now?"  
"A scheme for confining cyclones in bicycle tires. See? There is your ideal motor, at merely the cost of capture."—Indianapolis Journal.

## JEST AND EARNEST.

"Is he a good ball player?"  
"He can play like a pawnbroker."  
"Like a pawnbroker?"  
"Yes. Did you ever hear of one who wasn't good on the diamond?"  
Will the new woman preacher kiss the bridegroom or the bride when she ties the wedding knot?  
The wise man is he who not only knows the past, but can make provision for the future.  
"The day of the bathing-dress joke is over until next year," observed the humorist regretfully.  
"There was mighty little in it anyhow," declared the summer-resort editor.

Fame awaits the woman who claims for her sex equal rights with man in the use of pronouns. It is unjust that he, his and him should be used only in speaking of men and their belongings.

Take away the ice cream joke. It must now disappear.  
All the girls want oyster stew—  
Winter will soon be here.  
Chicago Times-Herald.

**No Occasion for Alarm.**  
Cunso—What do you think of the coming woman?  
Cawker—She is not worrying me. If she waits to button her gloves she will not arrive in my lifetime or mine.—Judge.

**TOLD IN DIALOGUE.**  
Sportsman's Wife—Well, did you get any fish?  
Sportsman—No, but I killed lots of worms.  
Sportsman's Journal.

"What do you think of that?" said Mr. Taddles to his wife, as the two looked at an Egyptian mummy.  
"I think the gentleman must have been pressed for time," replied Mrs. Taddles.—Judge.

"Charles Henderson was smart."  
"How?"  
"Why, just before his rich uncle died he enticed the young fellow to him and told him he had decided to leave him nothing but his autograph."  
"Yes."  
"And Charlie said: 'All right,' and then drew up a check for \$100,000 and told the old man to put his autograph on it. It pleased the old man so much that he made it \$200,000."—Boston Traveler.

Auntie—Johnny, you must never be afraid to tell the truth.  
Johnny—No, auntie. I ain't. It's to tell a lie without being afraid that bothers me.—Life.

"Aw, your gwandfather made his money in trade, I p'wsume," casually remarked Lord Lovelocks.  
"Yes, m'lord," answered the young American girl, "but in a calling that the nobility have not disclaimed—the real estate business. Selling titles, you know."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mother—What did you do with the medicine the doctor left for you?  
Johnny—I heard there was a poor boy ill in the back street and I took it around and left it for him.—Danbury Weekly News.

**DON'T LAUGH.**  
For what use is the growler?—Eureka Times.  
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## BAITED HIS BREATH.



"What was the reason he did not catch any fish?"  
"He baited his breath instead of the hook."

**Rondelet.**  
Cupid can see!  
In olden days the goal was blind.  
Now he can see.  
He's wise, too, and will snare for thee  
A sweetheart suited to thy mind—  
Wealth, beauty, birth shall be combined.  
Now he can see.

**Cupid can see!**  
O, youths unvoiced, take heart of grace,  
Now he can see.  
All done his random yesterday.  
For with the times he keepeth pace,  
And, lo, there reigns in Love's high place,  
Cupidity.  
—Bessie Gray.

**Schooled to Courage.**  
Cleveland—I thought for a moment that girl in bloomers was surely going to ride over you. Wasn't you scared?  
Stranger from Chicago—Me scared. Young man, I wasn't born next door to a stockyard to be scared by a calf.

**Useless Trouble.**  
Ethelberta, in runaway carriage—Oh, Tom, let us jump—quick!  
Tom, leisurely—'Twould only be trouble for nothing. We shall be thrown out in a minute.—Tit-Bits.

**Therefore, No Thaw.**  
One exceedingly warm day in July a neighbor met an old man and remarked that it was very hot.  
"Yes," said Joe, "if it wasn't for one thing I should say that we were going to have a thaw."  
"What is that?" inquired the friend.  
"There's nothing froze," said Joe.—Tit-Bits.

**The Decision Went.**  
There in the dust, foot-sore and weary he felt.  
"How sad, how unjust!" the world cried,  
"to perish in the very sight of home."  
But the umpire refused to reverse his decision.—Rockland Tribune.

## JOHNNIE'S INTERPRETATION.



Father—You mustn't be selfish! This will teach you it is far better to give than receive.  
Johnny—Ouch! Oh! Oh! Then you can have it, pop. Jus' stop and I'll give it to you.

**Specimen Breaks.**  
Across the wide expanse of blue  
With white wings spread in pride  
The yacht, each rope a snow-bent  
And struggled o'er the tide—  
What though the country held its breath  
As the beam swung to and fro—  
The end makes rich amends for all,  
It's got the chance to blow.

**Let whistles shriek their best and toot,  
High o'er their din is heard  
The music of a scream that marks  
The nation's chosen bird.  
Its plumage still unruffled lies,  
And if John Bull hopes to set  
One feather in his jockey cap  
The time is not come yet.**  
—Philadelphia Times.

**A True Friend.**  
Miss Summermaid—I hardly know whether to be angry with little Charley Tape-counter or not.  
Miss Ennysgirl—Why, dear?  
"He said he could guess my age, and when I dared him to he said he thought too much of me to do so before others."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Why does the cycle maiden ride  
As fast as e'er she can?  
Doubtless her keen eye hath detected  
Not far ahead—a wam!**  
—New York Recorder.

**Afflicted Indeed.**  
A blind man was singing in the street, with a crowd about him. A lady and gentleman stopped a moment in passing. Said said: "Isn't it awfully sad?"  
said he: "Under the circumstances, yes. What a pity the poor man wasn't deaf; then it wouldn't be nearly so bad for him."—Boston Transcript.

**Washington, D. C.**  
"Say, pop, what does the letters B. O. mean dat day always puts after Washington?"  
"Dey means daddy of his country, yo' foot chile, yo' Why doan yo' read history?"  
—Judge.

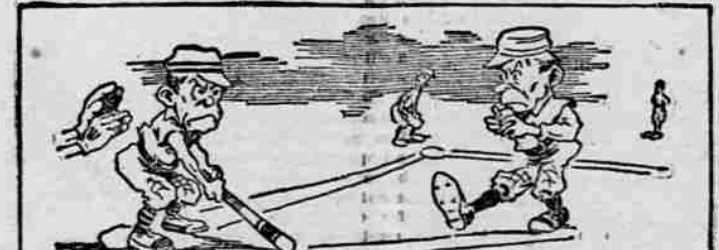
**Retribution.**  
Bring on the rope, while roars a shout  
Of anger, far and high—  
With bass full and two men out,  
The villain's muffed a fly!  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**A Railroad Advocate.**  
"I'm in favor of railroads," said the editor.  
"You are?"  
"Yes, they're a great institution; had my leg cut off and got \$5,000 damages and a pension for life. If it had only been my head I'd have owned the road."—Atlanta Constitution.

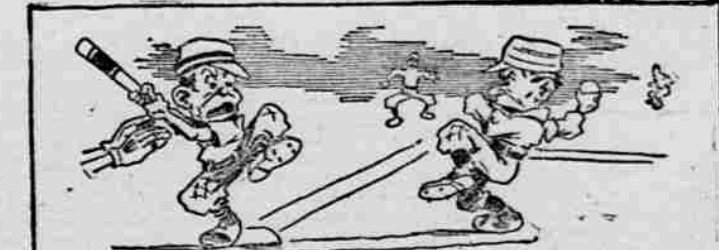
## THE UMPIRE'S DECISION.



1—Baysit and Hyball were rivals glum  
For the hand of Minnie Geranium.



2—One squeezed his ball, one seized his bat,  
A scowl of hate on each visage sat.



3—Each breast was filled by murder dire  
As Minnie's gaze fanned Love's desire.



4—The well aimed ball smote Baysit's head,  
While Baysit's bat smashed Hyball dead.



5—Dead silence filled the field's expanse  
While they checked them in the ambulance.



6—Alas for Love! what has become  
Of her sweet Minnie Geranium?

7—She has not wept, she has not sighed  
But has skipped the town as the umpire's bride.